

**ENGLISHING GAUTIER:  
The Travel Writer**

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**ABSTRACT**

The translation of Gautier's travel writings is examined from several different perspectives. The artistic qualities of Gautier's work and its origins in journalism are described, and linked to a tradition of travel writing and to Gautier's modifications of the tradition. These qualities, when linked to the social and economic status of French literature and the various literary genres during the period (1843-1920) when Gautier was most often translated into English, serve to explain the rise and fall of his English and American reputations. The formation and decline of Gautier's separate reputations as an artist and a popular story-teller are described, and Gautier's reputation as a travel writer is distinguished from both. Important differences between the British and American reputations are clarified.

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Théophile Gautier's distaste for journalism is well known. We all dislike our jobs, I suppose, in varying degrees, but Théo was flamboyantly public about it. The flamboyancy can be discounted as image marketing, and the publicity was to some extent part of a continuous salary negotiation with his publishers. But still there remains a residue of genuine unhappiness, as when one tries to avoid acknowledging that one is wasting one's birthright in the wrong job. He wrote a poem about it: "Après le feuilleton," at one time not the sort of subject thought appropriate for poetry, but part of the Romantic program to bring ordinary life more into art.

Mes colonnes sont alignées  
Au portique du feuilleton  
Elles supportent résignées  
Du journal le pesant fronton.  
Jusqu'... lundi je suis mon maître.  
Au diable chefs-d'oeuvre mort-nés!  
(Emaux et camées 99)

To some extent this reputation was created after Gautier's death by friends who exploited it to assert the superiority of an uncommercial art, a new commodity which Gautier never sought himself (Richardson 285-6). "Your belief in the divinity of art," he is famously supposed to have told Flaubert, "in the sacred calling of the poet, in the divinity of art, is

naive. The writer sells his work just as the merchant sells his goods, except that the merchant's prices are higher." (Du Camp 1882 2:9, quoted in English by Palache 72). Gautier did not object to commercial writing as such, but that it paid so poorly, sapping the time and energy needed for other work. His integrity as an artist lay in refusing to discount what he sold so cheaply. "Really," he complained to Goncourt, "I am ashamed of my calling. For a very moderate recompense, without which I would starve, I dare say only about one-eighth of what I believe, and even so I am in constant danger of law-suits." (Goncourt 1:314, quoted in English by Palache 73) And at the grave of a fellow critic he permitted himself a groaning complaint on the soul-destroying vampire of daily journalism, but went on to observe acerbically that "all the public know it is a frivolous trade, to be practiced carelessly, but many earnest people would find it hard to do." (Richardson 187) Gautier not only wrote more, but unlike some he wrote conscientiously (Tennant 76). Richardson comments: "It is clear from Gautier's journalism that he knew financial hardship, felt himself oppressed by editors and by the discipline of his profession. It also seems evident that the editors and publishers suffered considerably from Gautier's lack of discipline, his recurrent vagaries, his frank, indeed publicized distaste for much of his work. And it is this very distaste for journalism that explains Gautier's distinction and achievement as a journalist and critic. He did not consider himself a man of letters; he considered himself an artist." (285)

To escape this grinding demand for money, to somehow combine work and pleasure, Gautier sought every opportunity for a paid vacation as a journalistic traveler, as Du Camp makes clear in the third chapter of his memoir (1890). In constructing his *mousse* of journalism and art Gautier was able to draw on both the tradition of the *recit de voyage* and the new Romantic model of the inner, or 'sentimental' journey to create some of the first modern travel narratives. But one must not forget the journalistic *raison d'être*. The travels in Spain first appeared in print as "Lettres d'un feuilletoniste," and all of his narratives rest on a solid base of factual reporting. (For the bibliographic details of Gautier's newspaper appearances see Lovenjoul.) It was his reputation, his meaty-handed grasp of sensual things, his ability to describe color, and smell, to make the scene leap up before the inner eye as no one had before, which attracted readers. Our modern interest in the traveler himself, in his wistful or panicked grappling with geographical and cultural distance, Gautier relegates to the undertext. These are reports of foreign places before anything else. Sufficient sources have survived to permit us to watch him struggling with the form all through the 40s and 50s (Driscoll, Bulgin 1988). At first, still feeling out his method, Gautier tries to cover up adventitious details, giving his traveling companion Nerval a fictitious name, for example, in his first report, *Une Tour en Belgique*. We hear no more of companions after that Belgian trip than what is conveyed by the first person plural. Or he pretends, at the beginning of the trip to Spain, to have departed on a whim, as being more Romantic and less sordidly circumstantial. But one does not need a reason to go somewhere, and Gautier soon acknowledges that adventitiousness is characteristic of traveling. We enjoy the bravura of the traveler as he struggles vainly to impose art on reality. Without denigrating journalism, it must be said that Gautier's travel writing survives, and with it his reputation (however small it now is) as one of the creators of the travel genre, because he was able to satisfy broader artistic aspirations as well as topical popular curiosity.

The style worked out on these early escapes will do as well, Gautier soon finds, for business trips: to Cherbourg to open a harbor, to Egypt to open a railroad, to London to open an exposition. But by then he is no longer wrestling, as he did in Spain, with elementary powers. He is a journalist now, competent, intelligent, and professional. But Gautier is never perfunctory, at least before the Russian travels. Those who saw him work, on Sunday evening at the compositor's desk, turning out page after page without revision, sometimes thought such fluency suspicious. The equation of art with struggle is one of the excesses of Romanticism which Gautier lampooned. It is the legacy of Goethe, Byron, Flaubert, and Joyce which we still use to excuse drunkenness, exploitation, and failure. Gautier was none of this.

Historians of Théophile Gautier's English reputation generally date his popularity from the 1850s, beginning with Rossetti and reaching its height in the commemorative volume to which Swinburne contributed some virtuoso poems in 1873 (Starkie 30-31). What a revolution in English taste had taken place a decade earlier, in the 1840s, may be measured by comparing Rossetti's laudatory opinion with those of G.H. Lewes, who in 1844 characterized Gautier as the most contemptible, fatuous, and vain author in France (336-7). (Already the alert if curmudgeonly Lewes identifies 'traveler' as one of Gautier's literary attributes.) From the full tide of 1873 (Tennant 96) the ebb was already noticeable five years later, when Henry James argued the view, standard until recently, of Gautier's work as superficial and picturesque, using a word which would have been complementary in 1840 (James 1878 45). Fifteen years later, Lang was able to repeat this judgement with many fewer laudatory provisos in a left-handed introduction to J.E. Gordon's translation of Du Camp's memoir (Lang 1893). In 1878, George Saintsbury had made an enthusiastic assessment of Gautier's descriptive powers in his travel writing, but by the 90s the ordinary critic had adopted James's view, as for example William Barry, in an untitled review in the *Quarterly Review* for 1891, or an anonymous critic in the *Temple Bar* two years later. The low point was reached in 1911, when Francis Gribble was able to dismiss Gautier's work as "all in vain" (507). Since then the trend, and particularly for the travel works, has been to upward revaluation (Tennant 71-76, Berchet 27-38, Grant 72-90, Boschot 64-67). A history of travel literature has yet to be written, as Percy B. Adams observes (45). Adams presents a typology of the travel genre before 1800, the tradition on which Gautier built, which makes obvious the great extension in range and power which this kind of writing acquired beginning in the 1840s at the hands of travelers such as Théophile Gautier. One indicator of the modern revaluation of Gautier is the writing of dissertations, of which there are now five, by Margaret Williams, D.H. Talks, Constance Gosselin Schick (1973), Jean Rose, and Kathleen Mather Bulgin (1984). Another indicator is the routine use of Gautier's travel narratives as material for other critical strategies, as in the typology of Jaquelin Berben.

Why then, given Gautier's art and the distinction of his medium, and given his initial popularity and his mastery of so many genres, was he ever so little regarded as a travel writer?

We now say that Gautier was at his best late in life (as the poet of Emaux et cam,es) and as the youthful radical of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. This assessment is certainly correct so far as it goes, but that reputation was made among literati reading Gautier in French. Sidney

Colvin, discussing the English reception of Gautier's travel writings, still assumes as late as 1873 that his readers will have encountered them in their original language. He also seems to have been well aware of the set of the critical tide: "For English readers who pick up their French literature ignorantly and by the way, Gautier was chiefly known as a writer of popular books of travel..." (155) This reputation, based on *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and the poetry, those writings which the Pre-Raphaelites chose to canonize, is the modern one.

Educated English readers of the 1830s, we are told, were poorly informed concerning French literature (Starkie 20). However, Bulwer had noticed Gautier's ideas on historical drama in 1837 (Moraud 368), and the phrase *l'art pour l'art*, which later became the credo of the Aesthetes and was attributed by them to the famous preface to *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, also appeared in English at this time, in the criticism of Desir, Nisard (Findlay). Reynolds, surveying French literature in 1839, deplored his countrymen's moralistic attitude, implying a degree of interest if not knowledge (i-xii). In these early years, before any translations had appeared, Reynolds would already have known of the immoralist Théophile Gautier, as would Thackeray, then leading the attack on Romanticism (Moraud 389). By the 1870s Swinburne, Symonds, and Moore considered *Maupin* to be a consummate masterpiece, and Henry James concurred (Lang 1893 xvii, Symonds 154, Moore 78-9, Farmer, James 1878 36). Brilliant, James calls the book, but vicious and disagreeable. In making this judgement James took into account a much broader range of Gautier's work than did his contemporaries. Moreover, he did not consider as entirely negative the emphasis on descriptive writing which others at this time had learned to denigrate as mere style. Interest in Gautier's poetry followed a similar course, with Wilde, Symons, and Lang joining in the 80s, these writers elevating particularly the late, *Parnassian Emaux et camées* (Schricks, Lang 1871, Symons 13).

Cultural relations between France and England were prickly all through this period, the British attitude being tinged with contempt for things French as a residuum of the Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. A renewed cosmopolitanism began to show itself in the 1840s, together with a new popular interest, but then France's own artistic enthusiasm was interrupted by the revolution of 1848 and finally tamed in 1851 by Louis-Napoleon's censorship laws.

Gautier visited England then, to attend the 1851 Exposition, along with Hector Berlioz and other members of the French cultural establishment, and published an account of the country in *Une Journée à Londres* (not translated until 1901, by Sumichrast).

"On every hand" (Gautier writes) "are heard the groans and the hissings of the engines, from out whose iron nostrils issue jets of boiling steam. It is most painful to listen to these strident, asthmatic breathings; to the groans of matter at bay and driven to despair; it seems to complain and to call for mercy, like a worn-out slave whom an inhuman master overburdens with work.... On the banks of the river, now drawing nearer, I could make out trees, houses crouching on the bank, one foot in the water and the hand extended to sieze the merchandise as it passed.... (303)

This gloomy and deserted aspect formed such a contrast with the bustling, busy London I had imagined, that I could not recover from my surprise. At last I recollected that it was Sunday, and that I had been told that London Sundays were the very ideal of ennui. That day, which is with us, at least so far as the common people are concerned, a day of joy, of walks abroad, of dress, of feasting and dancing, is, on the other side of the Channel, a day of deepest gloom." (312-13)

There follow some comments on the inadequate clothing of the poor, on shoddy house construction, a Dickensian portrait of a drunken old woman, and that is all that may be seen "while traversing London, following his nose, a worthy dreamer who does not know a word of English, who is no great admirer of blackened stones, and who thinks any street that happens to open up before him as attractive as the Great Exhibition." (348)

That was actually written in 1842 at the time of Gautier's initial visit, when he accompanied Carlotta Grisi for the English premier of *Giselle*, and revised for Lecou's 1852 edition of *Caprices et zigzags*, like any journalist freshening up an old Sunday supplement piece. Here succinctly is the French side of that admiration mingled with distaste characteristic of the 19th century view across la Manche.

In America, Lafcadio Hearn and other translators capitalized on the cheap books phenomenon of the 1870s to publish editions of *La Croix de Berny*, *Voyage en Russie*, *Spirite*, *Portraits contemporaines*, *Capitaine Fracasse* (with rival translations in the same year), *Menagerie intime*, and all the well-known contes and nouvelles, as well as a specifically American edition of *Constantinople*. Earlier, Americans had been treated to a translated ballet, to *Militona*, and (in the middle of the Civil War) *The Romance Of the Mummy*. (Brownson 1991) All of these books were intended for a mass audience, educated and bourgeois for the most part, though the stories could be expected to appeal to the same literate working-class readers who had spent fortunes on Dumas and Sue in the 1840s. In England the same classes of reader (unlike the French-reading intelligentsia) knew Gautier primarily as a travel writer. Bits of his Spanish travels were translated in the English press as early as 1843 and the whole book published in English in 1851. Part of *Militona* (significantly, those parts concerned with bullfighting and local color) appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1847. *Italia* was translated in 1853, and in that year also appeared a re-issue of the *Wanderings In Spain*, and in the following year the first translation of *Constantinople*, hard upon its appearance in the French bookstores.

Yet *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, that consummate masterpiece, was not translated until the 1880s and commercially published only in 1887, swept up in the sudden vogue for scandalous French novels created by Zola. *Emaux et camées* was not translated until 1902 and that, aside from a few commonly anthologized pieces from *España*, was until recently the extent of Gautier's poetry in English.

There are, I submit, several immiscible reputations here. We suppose that Théophile Gautier's fame (such as it was) among English-speaking readers was made by francophile literati, because their taste for art literature has preserved a few works into the present: *Maupin* and a few of the poems continue to be re-translated even now. Gautier's reputation

as a raconteur survives also, though being founded on middle-brow tastes it has stood up less well, being now dependent on a low-end anthology tradition (those compilations made for markdown tables) and a transient interest around 1970 in his writings on hashish. His reputation as a travel writer has survived not at all. Yet it would be entirely plausible to maintain that he was first known as a traveler, and that his earliest reputation among speakers of English was not literary, but made by translators and educated, if cautious, exotiphiles.

The translators of Gautier, as the agents or mediums of his foreign reception, were for the most part marginal figures in the literary world, in contrast to those poets who later settled the Gautier canon.

Consider the "American" edition of *Constantinople* (New York: Holt, 1875). This was translated originally in 1854 by Robert Howe Gould for David Bogue, Bogue being an early partner of the francophile Henry Vizetelly, later the publisher of the first translation of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. Vizetelly had set up Bogue with funds from the boom in illustrated journalism made possible by the conjuncture of wood engraving, cheap pulp paper, and mass readership. (The 1875 reprint by Holt is called *American* apparently because some British expressions have been exchanged for their native counterparts.)

The translator Gould was born in Litchfield, Connecticut in 1815, son of a judge on the Connecticut Supreme Court. His early career was entirely conventional: a book of poems (*Autumn Leaves*) at nineteen, a bouquet of nautical tales of the type made popular by Cooper's *Red Rover* (also the mainstay of Eugène Sue's early career), immigration to England followed by a travel book (*Rambles About London*, by *An American*). The importance of London to one's literary life is attested with some poignancy by Henry William Herbert, one of Sue's first translators, who was driven out of England and was never able to return (*Meats*). Another Sue translator, Henry Llewellyn Williams, followed an almost identical path: boy's adventures, travel book, immigration to England, translation.

By 1858, Gould had been married twenty years and had seven children, supporting himself as a newspaper leader writer. He had lived partly on an allowance from his father-in-law, but at this point the old man died. He had relied also on his translations (*Henry James* (1875) called him stupid and inclined to leave out difficult passages) but sometimes he wasn't paid for that. There was, for example, the disagreement with Bentley over copyright on Bazancourt's Crimean expedition; Samuel Low published Gould's work finally (a one-sided report is preserved in the Bentley Archives 58.53). By 1858 he was destitute and begging the Royal Literary Fund, but in vain (see file 1482). Two years later he was in jail in France on forgery charges. Eventually he got back on his feet as consulting counsel on American and international law, but ended by petitioning the Fund again in 1884, by which time his two oldest sons were apparently dead and the other two had fled to Hungary and Newfoundland, leaving him with the daughters. Old and tired now, in his application he takes three years off his age. He also claims to have a degree in law from Chicago that he didn't mention in 1858, and denies his earlier application to the Fund. He now signs himself

R. de Tracy Gould, unless that is one of the children who has written up the application for him.

That application was also unsuccessful.

A different but not dissimilar story lies behind the first translation of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. This appears to have been made by Ernest (or possibly Alfred) Vizetelly, but it seems unlikely that we can know for certain (Brownson 1993). Vizetelly's records were destroyed in the diaspora which followed his obscenity trial and the physical evidence is meager. (There is an irony for us in that Zola's works, whose English translation by the Vizetellys, even expurgated, ruined the firm and destroyed the family, were originally published by Georges Charpentier partly on Gautier's recommendation.) One glimpses behind the screen of Ernest's cautious memoir and the impersonality of the several documents in the Royal Literary Fund's archives the shadow of the family's breakdown: one son expatriated (Frank, to New York where he became a successful editor of dictionaries), another (Ernest) a decayed gentleman and his brother (Alfred) dependent on charity, their sister in the madhouse.

There is another example in Lafcadio Hearn, a man who translated as a market proposition (the usual reason) but could not, despite the appalling pay and deadlines, do hack work. His letters, after he fled to a living wage in Japan, reveal much scorn for the commercial trade (Bisland). Here is a man who seems driven by spiritual malaise: difficult but able to arouse life-long obsessions in people who knew him, charming, perhaps bigamous, high-minded, chafing at the very sources of his limited peace, and never able in all those years to digest Japanese food properly. Hearn's solution was to enlist the translator's cross-cultural skills to make a place for himself as a literary ambassador.

Yet another pattern is that of the pseudonymous "M.M. Ripley." We might speculate that she learned her French at Radcliffe or one of the numerous lady's finishing schools in Boston such as Miss Hersey's where Frederick Sumichrast supplemented his income. Unmarried, boarding here and there in Boston, with friends in Maine or Long Island, pestering Holt for work, touting her wares, she managed somehow to support herself for a while but subsided into semi-retirement about 1900. Henry James noticed her once (*The Nation*, 12 Nov 1874), allowing that her work had been done with "commendable skill" -- but then James didn't think the *Voyage en Russie* worth translating in the first place. Twenty-two years later she was still talking about it. "I am certainly glad to learn that English publisher has appreciated the charm of Chevrillon -- I think I might say of Marchant's Chevrillon -- for I very much doubt if anybody else --except Henry James -- could have made much of a success with just that French material." (Ripley to Holt 16 Dec 1896; Holt Archives, Princeton University. "William Marchant" was another of Ripley's pseudonyms.)

This is the realm of the ordinary, the human, the familiar. This is perhaps the real life of literature, and these are the people who more than any other made Gautier's English-language reputation.

### **Travel Writing and British Foreign Interest**

The pattern of British foreign interest during the nineteenth century is readily discernible, at least in outline. It was "about ten years after the end of the Napoleonic Wars [when] the English developed considerable interest in foreign thinking and writing. If the importation of books into Great Britain is any indication, this interest crested in the 1830s, began to subside with the growing political agitation of the 1840s, and reached its lowest point in the 1850s." (Curran 1973 1) Although travel on the continent was again possible after 1815, something more than the lifting of restrictions was required to expand the British traveler's horizon. This interest "was stimulated by the presence of political refugees--in 1827 there were in London alone a thousand refugees from Spain and elsewhere. This group provided the tutors who taught foreign languages to the English; and they also provided the reviewers for such a periodical as the *Foreign Quarterly*. For whatever reason, 1826-1830 were the best years for the importation into England of French and Spanish books.... Even up to 1835, two booksellers alone annually imported into England an average of 400,000 French books, the equivalent of one volume to every 53 inhabitants. Another bookseller undertook to obtain German books within one month of the date of order, and also maintained a subscription service for twenty-two German periodicals." (Curran 1972 130)

The foreign reviews spawned by this interest did not survive the retreat of the early 1850s, but the retreat was temporary and a second spurt of attention to foreign matters peaked in the 1870s, by which time French influence was again strongly established in England as we have already noted in Gautier's case (Starkie 36). But with foreign interest came the usual isolationist reaction. "All through the period the violence with which Balzac, Sue, and George Sand — and towards its end Gautier, Baudelaire, and Zola — were condemned reveals something much more than an outraged Puritan conscience. It betrays the fear of their influence." (Houghton 359) This fear hindered the transmission of French literary culture certainly. "We have tried one excellent French work after another, but all have proved failures." stated Henry Vizetelly to an interviewer in 1889 (*Pall Mall Gazette* 29 August), and the Zola editions were admitted by their translator to be "more or less bowdlerized." (Vizetelly 21 June 1915) After the 1870s we see a shift in British foreign interests in the direction of its colonial empire parallel to that which occurred in the 1850s.

A bit of detail can be added by counting the number of pages devoted to foreign matters in some general interest periodicals, for example Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, an important mainstream journal of broad, conservative interests and significant but by no means predominant foreign concern. (Ferrell 8, an article which also contains a summary of the secondary literature on Blackwood's.)



TABLE ONE

Foreign interest by year, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Page count)

Date	Percent foreign	Percent travel	Percent of foreign
1840	31.6	2.9	9.1
1841	40.0	13.7	34.2
1842	36.4	19.7	54.2
1843	32.6	13.1	40.1
1844	34.8	10.7	30.7
1845	37.9	13.1	34.4
1846	40.4	17.6	43.6
1847	49.3	21.1	42.7
1848	48.8	12.6	25.9
1849	34.1	5.4	15.8
1850	24.3	3.6	14.9
1851	28.6	17.0	59.4
1852	23.0	15.6	67.9
1853	29.4	12.7	43.1
1854	36.1	13.6	37.7
1855	28.5	22.7	79.7
Average	34.8	13.4	38.5

'Foreign' is here defined quite broadly to include anything more or less contemporary originating outside the British Isles. It thus includes translations of Goethe and events in the British Empire. Also included is fiction in cases where the exotic setting is prominent and clearly intended to exploit curiosity about foreign places and customs.

For the period 1860-1875 we have these additional counts, which are of the number of articles rather than pages (a method which slightly over-represents foreign interest, because such articles tend to be shorter), but which satisfactorily extend the picture already built up. These counts are by Andrew Blake, whose 'foreign' category does not include material on the countries of the British Empire, which are undifferentiated within the category 'domestic.' Nor do these counts include foreign arts or translations of foreign literature. (Blake 85) Table two thus under-counts foreign interest in comparison with table one.

TABLE TWO

Foreign interest 1860-1875 (Article count)

Magazine    Percent foreign  
                  interest

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Blackwood's	15.5
Macmillan's	14.0
Fraser's	14.7
Cornhill	10.8
Fortnightly	11.5
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Average	13.3

This method of analyzing foreign interest (based on the amount of periodical space devoted to it) has the additional advantage of resting on indicators of bourgeois culture, which as we have seen is the audience with which we are concerned during this initial phase (1843-1853) of Gautier's popularity. This group's already noted tendency to insularity is visible here. The decline of foreign interest (from an earlier peak circa 1830) is interrupted by a surge in the late 40s, cut off by the European revolutions of 1848. This surge is the consequence of a boom in travel writing (Shattock 154). If we isolate travel literature from the general foreign interest (table one, columns two and three), we see how travel writing became the preferred mode for discussing foreign topics, increasing from one-third to over two-thirds of the pages devoted to foreign interests during the period. Economic and political discussions reassert themselves briefly in 1849, and again at the advent of the Crimean War. But reportage of events in the Crimea reveals the new dominance of the travel genre, being mixed with accounts of the difficulties of lodging and getting from place to place, of curious people and customs met with, the war itself seeming just another foreign spectacle. The invention of the travel genre has served to increase British isolation, narrowing the range of subject matter and giving a definite British tint to foreign places. This becomes more apparent in a regional breakdown.

TABLE THREE  
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine  
Distribution of foreign interest by region  
(Percent of total pages)

Date	France	Germany	Spain	Italy	Empire	Other
1840	20.1	29.6	5.8	3.7	7.4	28.3
1841	20.4	9.8	13.1	5.4	9.5	26.1
1842	18.2	10.4	11.1	16.9	8.8	13.4
1843	9.4	16.9	4.5	4.7	17.0	42.0
1844	20.9	9.5	10.5	13.8	24.5	24.8
1845	21.3	14.3	23.1	6.3	4.3	26.0
1846	13.4	15.8	25.3	7.8	21.7	17.8
1847	22.2	5.6	11.0	7.0	13.2	45.9
1848	32.2	11.7	1.8	9.9	28.4	15.0
1849	34.8	20.3	17.9	2.8	9.8	19.6
1850	22.8	19.9	34.2	0.0	9.6	13.5
1851	23.1	29.2	13.9	3.7	23.7	27.2
1852	29.1	10.3	10.6	0.0	44.7	15.9
1853	53.6	15.0	2.8	5.0	13.7	31.6
1854	13.0	10.6	11.3	2.7	12.6	57.2
1855	16.6	0.0	6.5	0.0	20.5	64.5
Avg	22.9	13.9	12.4	6.2	16.3	29.2

French interest is high throughout the period, but even that gives way to the Empire and other exotic places into which the British were attempting to extend their influence: Afghanistan, the Crimea, Egypt, Africa. Yet at the same time there is an apparently contrary tendency visible. In the early 1840s, travel articles are predominately of English travelers in England. By 1855, while Blackwood's travel writers are still overwhelmingly English, the appetite for travel during the stay-at-home years in the early 50s turns to French and German accounts for satisfaction, and foreign accounts of travel in England have become increasingly common. What has happened is that the new genre of travel writing has, by 1855, acquired a life of its own. Originally indistinguishable from history and news, it has become a distinct literary mode with its own audience. But at the same time, the subject matter has become both increasingly British and increasingly exotic, following in the steps of the expanding British Empire. British readers, now getting about more themselves, were less interested in literary accounts of familiar places. French travelers in particular were castigated as arty and timid. Archibald Alison, writing in 1844, accorded energy and action to the intrepid Briton but thought France superior in the literary attainments of its travelers. By 1847 these values are beginning to be reversed. The English, still energetic in pursuit of what is not yet stale, have displaced the Germans, who "drivel and dogmatise; are awfully wise, and ponderous..." and the French, who are "vastly amusing, but ... too fond of romancing..." (Hardman Dec 1847 707-8). That was the end of British popular interest in Théophile Gautier.

Let us examine this crucial shift in taste (from foreign affairs to travelers' tales, from local to exotic, from tourism to exploration) in more detail, in the hopes of making clear the causes for the decline in travel writing and the Victorian disinterest in Gautier after mid-century.

The key date in the history of 19th century travel is 1845, just before the period we are considering. This is the year when Thomas Cook, after some initial experiments, founded the tourist industry. It is a commonplace observation that tourists are fundamentally different in outlook and purpose from their predecessors, the travellers of the Grand Tour. The Grand Tour went to Italy for its contemporary art and architecture, while Cook took his bourgeois clients there in the nostalgic and backward-looking spirit of Goethe and Rousseau. As the horizons of the British tourist expanded and his destination became more remote and uncivilized, the purpose of tourism, to escape from the conventional and complex to the exotic and simple, became ever more obvious, one's destination a picturesque museum (or, for the wealthier or more intrepid, an Eden) through which one wandered amongst a populace reduced to labeled exhibits. (Turner 43-45, 51, 130; Pimlott; Loschburg)

This word 'picturesque' is significant, for it was Gautier's astonishing ability to report visual detail, to construct a telling word-picture, which was an important component in his original fame, and this same propensity to create mere pictures, shallow, flat and distancing, his liability to later sensibilities. As Michel Cadot explains, in speaking of the *Voyage en Russie*, Gautier's writing was "finalement une valeur plus subjective que documentaire.... Le lecteur moderne, en général plus sensible ... la 'convivialité' qu'aux prestiges surannés de 'l'art pour l'art,' sera même en droit de préférer...les passages d'un ton plus libre ou il manifeste son sense de la camaraderie..." (25)

While British travel was being reformed into tourism in this way, the British reader's taste in travel literature grew apace with the tourist industry. Shattock characterizes travel books in this period as "a close second in popularity to the novel." (154) Travel ranked fourth at Mudie's, at 13%, after fiction (42%), miscellaneous (23%) and history and biography (22%). (Griest 38) Of 45,000 English books published 1816-1851, the top three categories were religion (10,000), history and geography (4,900) and fiction (3,700). (Blake 68, Webb). The content of travel writing, however, was moving in the opposite direction, toward accounts of exploration (Fussell 202-15). We have seen the beginnings of this movement already, in the Blackwood's data. "He would undoubtedly seem a bold man who, in the present state of things, would announce a volume of travels, purporting to be a tour from Liverpool to Dover..." Lever observes. (154) "We are sick of Spanish revolutions" also, (Hardman Mar 1847 350) and surfeited by a "vast number of books about Syria, Egypt, Turkey, and so forth,...[so] that whatever was at present written would be a mere rechauff,, without spice and flavor, an unpalatable dishing-up of yesterday's baked-meats." (Hardman Dec 1847 707) The Pyrenees, however, less convenient of access, are on that account the more written about, (Hardman Dec 1847 708) and in general, as another contemporary observes, the same influence which works to diminish the number of tourists increases the number of tour-books. ("Recent Travellers" 195) "The multitude visit Paris once a-year as regularly as the cholera. Twelve hours from London drop them in Paris,

twenty-four carry them to the Alps, and there the course lies before them, whether to Rome or Constantinople, Cairo or the Kremlin, the Euxine or Egypt, the Straits of Babelmandel or the world's end." (Croly 195) "All modern travellers, however, are not mere tourists...the bona fide travellers [are] men whom the real impulse of adventure, or the additional momentum of some worthy pursuit, send forth upon serious journeys to the ends of the earth." (Oliphant 590) Examples of the same disdain for commonplace destinations, and the concomitant desire for adventure, could be multiplied many times.

Thus, the English tourist increasingly viewed the world as a playground, or in the manner of a lantern-slide show. Already in 1843 a critic observed that "the fundamental error of the travelling English consists in bringing English feelings and modes with them, instead of leaving them behind to be taken care of with their pictures and furniture." ("The English On the Continent 92) And as the English traveler became more detached he demanded travel accounts emphatically otherwise, individualistic struggles to comprehend and master regions and peoples as different and un-English as possible. In this milieu Gautier was seen as a tourist. By 1880 one writer was quite clear in treating Gautier as an early tourist getting away in the modern mode: "When he was tired of hard work he would go off to the continent — to Spain, where he would don a sombrero and a capa; or to Russia, where he would come out in a fur pelisse and high jack-boots, as good a boyard as anybody." (Berger 66) That this was a superficial reading mattered not at all.

Charles Lever noted the two traditions of travel literature as early as 1843, in an omnibus review of some titles in the flood of new books of travels.

"In the age of vagabondage," he writes, "when every one travels, and more still, when everyone writes a book on his wanderings, we must not only expect to find that the highways of the world are somewhat overtrodden, but also, that for lack of newer matter and more interesting topics, the tourists have been obliged to fall back upon their personal adventures, making their own little circle of experiences the burden of their book: the consequence is, that we taken up a volume of modern travels, not expecting to discover any new views in the state of politics, religion, literature, or the fine arts, in the described countries, but simply the *res gestae* of the book writer, with...an odd chapter of scenery and impressions, et voila! your book of travels." (154)

Lever means to criticize the shallowness of the latest offerings, but at the same time he clearly feels that the *raison d'être* of travel writing is the importing of foreign ideas and experiences. Our modern notion of the proper balance is different: "The reader of a good travel-book is entitled not only to an exterior voyage, to descriptions of scenery and so forth, but to an interior, a sentimental or temperamental voyage, which takes place side by side with the outer one." (Norman Douglas, quoted in Fussell 203)

Description of scenery obviously has a long association with shallowness. But Lever associates this undesirable quality with personal impressions, the very quality we particularly value. One who intended to dismiss Gautier's travel books could (and did) do so by pretending that his purpose was mere description. Gautier acknowledged this himself,

after all, in his art criticism, with the inevitable consequences when easy access to museums (through cheap travel) and quality reproduction of art works made his reportage obsolete. (Grant 51) But with his travel writings this is not so. All of Gautier's voyages, but most successfully that to Spain, are moved by the engine of the internal voyage. This is a modern critical discovery, however, which had to await the modern sensibility. Heretofore, Gautier's travel accounts have been read "largely in terms of their so-called evocative realism and their painterly precision of detail," which realism and precision was, indeed, one of Gautier's artistic standards as early as the *Caprices et zigzags* (Schick 1987 359). When considers the standards against which Gautier was writing, moreover, this skill in evocative realism was a point in his favor.

"If we turn to our libraries for works to convey to future ages an adequate and interesting account of those fascinating adventures," the historian Archibald Alison complained in 1844, "we shall...experience nothing but disappointment. Few of them are written with the practiced hand, the graphic eye, necessary to convey vivid pictures to future times; and...there are surprisingly few which are fitted, from the interest and vivacity of the style in which they are written, to possess permanent attractions for mankind." (657)

Finally, exactness — in the sense of true as well as evocative — was an issue of professional pride at a time when many travel accounts, and French ones notoriously, were fabricated by persons who had never traveled at all.

"The French are vastly amusing, but they are too fond of romancing, and do so artfully and unscrupulously mix up what they invent at home with what they see abroad, that they mislead and impose upon the simple and unwary. Without taking for example such an extreme case as Alexander Dumas — notorious as a hardened delinquent, writing travels in countries whose frontiers he has never crossed, and chuckling when the same is imputed to him — we find abundance of modest offenders..." (Hardman Dec 1847, 707)

It is unfair of Hardman to use the voyage romantique invented by such authors as Lantier and Chateaubriand, which has different conventions, to accuse Dumas, but nevertheless, standards were changing. Gautier certainly drew the symbolism of the internal voyage from this tradition (Bulgin 1988 11) if he did not take advantage of its license to invent.

Thus we find Gautier working to lift the existing *recit de voyage* out of the shallow and trivial by a strategy of superior fidelity. By including the detail of everyday life along with the conventional descriptions of scenery and monuments Gautier is able to reintroduce himself into the text and, by investing his experiences with symbolic portent, extend the reach of his narrative into those interior regions which we demand all serious travelers visit (Driscoll 141-142, Berben 367). Cadot tellingly contrasts the narrative strategies of Dumas and Gautier in their Russian travels: Dumas the digressing essayist and Gautier limiting himself strictly to actual encounters and personal details (16-17).

Description is thus pivotal to all of Gautier's artistic goals, but it is this very strategy which doomed his English reputation as a travel writer. At first, against a background of difficult travel and poorly written accounts, Gautier's evocative descriptions of trips to Spain and Belgium and Italy were enthusiastically received. But as his destinations were devalued by easy access and Gautier himself became typed as a word painter by English aesthetes seeking to advance his artistic reputation, his travel writing necessarily fell out of favor.

A brief illustration of Gautier's methods will demonstrate this vulnerability and also (to the modern reader) his peculiar strength.

Travel is disengaging (d, gag, e, to use that morally charged term of the French intellectuals of 1950). Gautier's painterly vision deliberately flattens everything, which has the effect of distancing the reader.

"I am somewhat ashamed," he admits, "of the Italian sky, which in Paris we always believed to be of an unchanging blue, for when I left Verona great black clouds were rising on the horizon. It is a pity to begin a trip to a country of sunshine by descriptions of storms, but truth compels me to confess that rain was falling heavily, first in the distance, then on the middle distance of the country through which I was traveling by rail. The background of the picture was composed of cloud-capped mountains and hills, on which rose mansions and country homes; the foreground was formed of very green, very vivid, and very picturesque cultivated fields." (Travels In Italy 42)

Here follows a long description of grapevines, then:

"Here and there open farmhouses allowed one to see labourers enjoying their evening meal under their porticos, and gave life to the picture. The railway passes close to Vicenza and soon reaches Padua, concerning which I can merely repeat the stage directions for the setting of Angelo: On the horizon the skyline of medieval Padua." (Travels In Italy 43)

The translator (Frederick Sumichrast) has pointed the effect by omitting a paragraph of whistle-stop details — pastry vendors, coffee gulping hot — which break the frame. The laborers remain comfortably in the distance, stingy repast and knotted fingers unresolved. The translator has also cleaned up Gautier's tendency to wander, to build up the impasto with more mots juste than Sumichrast's Swiss soul finds strictly necessary. But in compensation he has personalized the journalistic plural.

In the less successful accounts (of Russia, and passages of the Italian travels) this descriptive strategy, unfired by any personal concerns (which was the purpose of the passages left out by Sumichrast in example above) lacks moral energy. The writing is *dégagée*.

But at his best Gautier struggles to engage, to find himself in this new, strange place.

"On our way [across Constantinople] we crossed the court of Yeni-Djami, surrounded by a gallery of antique columns surmounted by arches in a superb Arabic style which the moonlight bleached silver and bathed in bluish shadows; under the arcades lay, in the perfect tranquility of people who are at home, numerous groups of beggars rolled up in their rags. Any homeless Muslim may, without fear of the watch, sleep on the steps of the mosques as safely as a Spanish beggar under the porch of a church." (Constantinople 95, my translation)

The reader may be unaware that, ten years before, Gautier himself played the part of the Spanish beggar, sleeping four nights on a plaza of the Alhambra, where he saw a ghost and was drenched when a fountain was turned on earlier than usual one morning. Walking in Granada, he discovered,

"one has to be careful not to plant one's foot on the stomach of some honorable hidalgo rolled up in his mantle, which serves him as garment, bed and house. During the summer nights, the granite benches of the theatre are covered with a mass of riff-raff who have no other refuge. Each one has his own step, as it were, where one is always sure to find him." (Romantic In Spain 188)

Eventually the night in Ramadan comes to an end.

"The festival continued in Constantinople until the cannon shot which announces, with the first light of dawn, the return of day; but there was time to get a little sleep and we put off beginning the climb up to the Top Khaneh at Pera, a tiring business after a trip so physically wearing and mentally dazzling. The dogs snarled a bit at my passage, fresh from France and newly disembarked; but they were quieted by a few words which my friend spoke to them in Turkish and they let me pass without threatening my legs; thanks to him, I returned to my rooms unharmed by their formidable fangs." (Constantinople 99, my translation)

And now we recall when Gautier, also fresh from France, wandered blackened English stones, an uncomprehending foreigner with a bit of paper in his hand on which an address has been carefully written.

This is not simply an account of some foreign places. Gautier is turning over in his mouth, like Demosthenes, those delicious pebbles, those memories which are his very self. So Gautier, by plunging unreservedly into himself, permits us to do what we could not do by ourselves: engage the moment.

This quality is frequently damped in translations made after Gautier had been typed as picturesque, by editing, as in Sumichrast's case, or by lexical choices which presume detachment. 'Riff-raff' is the word used for those men sleeping on the benches of the Granada theatre, but Gautier's word is *drôles*. Rascals would have been a better choice, less contemptuous. The translator is Catherine Phillips. Little is known of her other than that she was English and a regular free-lancer for Knopf, which is certainly borne out by a long list of credits from Beyle and Ugarte at age thirty-nine to Seignobos thirteen years later:



two books a year from French, Spanish, and German. Ripley angled for a Seignobos from Holt in 1900.

"Of course I should like very much to do it -- and really because, after translating Duray's enormous history (in 16 big volumes -- do you know the book?), and then living in Rome so long, I really have the subject at my finger-tips. But what I shouldn't like is having an editor. I have had experience of editors of my historical translations, and I know how little good they are."

Here she rehearses the disappearance of one Professor Mahaffey who was supposed to assist with the Duray, and then,

"when we came to Duray's Greece, Mr Estes insisted on stating the case as it was, and my name stood on the title page as editor and translator. This was not to my liking at all, and I tried to persuade Mr Estes off, --for I don't like an editor for such books, --even if it's myself. It seems to me far better to correct your author, if you have to do it, without placarding his ignorance or carelessness and your superior knowledge or fidelity." (Ripley to Holt 21 Sep 1900, Holt Archives, Princeton University)

But perhaps this is only bluster. Farther down the page she boasts (hopes?) that her "American name on the title page has as much credibility as any professor in the school-world." But the American name on the title page is a pseudonym, and Holt was not persuaded, though she offered (27 Sep) to come down from two dollars and a half to two dollars a thousand words. She didn't get the work. Holt had inherited her with an edition of Pauline Craven's *Fleurange* which he bought from Kilner in 1872. That was Ripley's first book. But by 1900 she was getting what she could from Scribner and in two more years it would be over. Thirty years, fourteen books, three pseudonyms: a longer career than most.

### **Théophile Gautier's American Reputation**

The American pattern was different. Before the Civil War, books from England (some republished with American imprints) largely met the demand and inhibited the rise of a domestic literary industry, so that until 1850 or so American taste tended to follow British.

The struggles of American authors to subsist on American sales are too well known to require extensive documentation. The example of Henry William Herbert will serve for all, not only because his losing battle occupied the 1840s and 50s when Gautier's first reputation was being formed in England, but because he derived a substantial part of his income from translation. And like most authors of the time, Herbert sold his American rights cheaply because he was looking, as he himself said, principally to the English market for profit (Meats 152).

After 1850, however, even among Americans turning away on new paths, the hostility of the native Genteel Tradition to *l'art pour l'art* continued to delay the importation of Gautier's highbrow reputation (Tomsich 116). So when Henry James spoke highly of Gautier in 1878, his judgement was based on a significantly different group of texts than

those praised by Rossetti, Swinburne, and other English critics of the time. When British readers were already sneering at Gautier as a tourist, James was praising his travel writing as unpretentious and solidly observed (42). Nineteenth-century Americans had a different relationship both to travel and to literature than their Victorian counterparts, and a different mechanism is needed to explain the rise and fall of Gautier's American reputation as a travel writer.

It is pointless to look for a specifically American reputation among readers of French (Stern 1978). Insofar as there were any (Americans were then, as now, notoriously poor linguists), these internationalist francophiles undoubtedly made common cause with their British kin. Gautier's American reputation was thus made in translation.

Americans were slow to discover Gautier, and their first interest in him was not as a traveler. There were no American editions of Gautier's travel books before 1875 and no new translations (necessarily American ones, since by that time Gautier's British reputation as a traveler was beginning to fade) until 1881. Gautier seems not to have figured in the reading interests of Thoreau, who devoured all the important accounts of exploration published in the 1840s and 50s (Christie). The initial American interest in Gautier was in his fiction, with the *Roman de la momie*, *La Croix de Berny*, *Spirite*, *Capitaine Fracasse*, and several of the stories Englished by American translators before the Russian travels in 1881, all of these works having their first English-language readers in America. It is perhaps more than coincidental that the short story was an American form and that American consciousness of this, as formulated by Brander Matthews, emerged just at this time (Keating 39). The British predilection for the travel genre was, as we have seen, similarly linked to their social history.

The driving force in this, consequent on the economic recovery from the Civil War, was the cheap books phenomenon. The economic possibilities of the mass market had been explored for the first time in the 1840s through the medium of the periodical. Now a paperback revolution brought cheap books onto the market (Tebbel, Stern 1956, Mott, F Schick), creating an insatiable demand first filled by reprints of English and French works, but the stock of reprintable texts was soon exhausted. By the mid-1880s the mass market would create a demand for American writing (Shove 13), but meanwhile new translations were needed to fill the gap, and one of the results was to make the popular reputation of Théophile Gautier. Cheap books marketed to a mass audience would naturally consist chiefly of fiction, and so it was in Gautier's case. All of the American publishers of Gautier before George Barrie in 1897 were mass publishers associated with cheap books; some, like Worthington and Lovell, famously so. Bradburn, Porter and Coates, Holt, Appleton, Putnam, Roberts, Lippincott, Brentano, Hagemann, Cassell, Leslie, Donohue and a number of other Chicago publishers: all issued editions of Gautier before the regularization of competition following on the collapse of the United States Book Company.

Also, by the mid-1880s the travel boom was beginning to wear itself out. Following on his edition of *Constantinople*, Holt brought out a translation of the *Voyage en Russie* in 1881 which went through two re-issues, but no other travel works appeared until they were all translated as a matter of course in the Sproul Works of 1900-1902. (This edition is given as

translated by Frederick Sumichrast, but as Sumichrast's diaries in the Harvard Archives make clear, the work was done by anonymous translators whose drafts Sumichrast revised. All of the travel works were heavily cut to fit a pre-existing publishing scheme, and the selection is limited, with one exception concerning Victor Hugo, to texts in the Charpentier Oeuvres published in the 1870s and 80s. Much of the material in the Charpentier volumes remained untouched.) The Sumichrast set was re-issued by five different American publishers during the following decade, which apparently convinced Brentano's that a new translation of the *Voyage en Italie* would sell, but the end was near. When Winston brought out a new translation of *Russia* in 1905 it was clearly intended to exploit the Russian war, the second volume being prominently expanded with material "on the struggle for supremacy in the Far East." Only one more translation of any of Gautier's travel writing was ever made, an edition of *Tra los montes* for Knopf in 1926. By then, Americans had come to agree with the British estimate of Gautier as the poet of *Emaux et camées* and the ideologue of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. Knopf was responding to the neo-Romanticism of the times (Kenner 1975 195-197) --the edition was actually re-titled *A Romantic In Spain*. That would not be repeated. Q.D. Leavis lists, not ten years later, in a chapter significantly entitled "The Birth Of Journalism," the characteristics of unsatisfactory literature: unhealthy, morbid, wish-fulfilling, emotionally orgiastic, unexciting, abstract, detached, unsentimental, resistant to day-dreams (89). It is hard to imagine a milieu more hostile to Gautier. Haldeman-Julius claims to have sold fifty thousand copies of *The Fleece Of Gold* (in a twenty-five year old translation by George Burnham Ives for Putnam), but only after he re-titled it as *The Quest For A Blonde Mistress* (160). There was no new interest in Gautier for half a century after. Gautier the raconteur, the critic, the traveler, were forgotten.

What had happened was the consolidation of a literary class structure in the closing years of the century. In the 1840s, when literature was marketed to the masses (both British and American) for the first time (Tebbel 67-71, L James), there was no very strong distinction made between art and popular entertainment (Levine 86 et seq.). If we compare the American views as described by Levine with their British counterparts, as described for example by Margaret Dalziel, Kathleen Tillotson, or P.D. Edwards, it is obvious that the difference lies in the Americans' more relaxed attitude toward the question of moral content. The English of the 1840s showed no reluctance to be entertained, one and all. The equation of popularity with an inferior product (as opposed to an immoral one) came later. Hence, there was, in the middle of the century, little class separation of readers along the art/entertainment dichotomy.

Richard Altick describes a class structure of readers beginning to emerge in 1859, in conjunction with mass literacy (159-173). By the end of the century there were three reading publics, all effectively isolated, each with its own specialized literature (Kenner 1988). Levine analyzes the same process at work in the United States. We must be careful, however, not to imagine some earlier classless Eden; Simon Schama describes a de-classification process at work in pre-Revolutionary France, mixing the pre-existing popular and elite traditions and blurring class distinctions (133-37).

The sacralization of art was by no means an American tendency in the years that followed; its torch-bearers were Flaubert, Proust, and the expatriates Henry James and James Joyce. In any case, it was in the interest of writers to be professionals and to make this distinction between art and entertainment. "As literature was constructed as a major social institution of middle-class culture it was given over to professionals, including professional writers of fiction." (Kelly 3) This process of professionalization is described in detail by Tuchman and Fortin, who show that, while the change may have begun in the 1830s, it was not completed before 1900. As Keating observes of the final stages of the process,

"for many 'writers' (a word that was frequently used to dissociate the activity from that of the journalist) journalism was tainted by its mission to entertain and instruct the newly enfranchised masses; it also drew its characteristic mode of communication from America, which, for many critics, ensured its vulgarity." (293)

It was not long, however, before professionalism (associated with money) and art (now a priestly function) parted ways again. By 1932 Q.D. Leavis can observe that "the history of popular taste is largely bound up with the discovery by the writing profession of the technique for exploiting emotional responses," (90) neatly linking popularity, professionalism, and low critical standards as inseparable elements of a single trend.

Americans, anxious not to seem uncultured, readily took the hint from Oscar Wilde and other cultural mavens (Ellman, 193). Wilde was proposing a new definition, enthusiastically received, which should divide art from non-art along aesthetic rather than functional lines, and it is significant that art schools will now be required. Art will not be whatever cultured persons like; rather, a taste for art will be one of the marks of culture. It was one of Wilde's accomplishments to relocate the source of prestige from the consumer to the art itself. Keating describes the American inclination to cultural snobbery (369-70) and cites a telling proof of the separation of cultural and economic class which Wilde had noticed:

"The late Victorian acknowledged the existence of the larger reading public and expanded it. The ideal was now truly of one culture, but in practice it led to still further fragmentation and exposed the pretentiousness of mid-Victorian cultural assumptions.... Instead of the newly literate poor and working-class readers swelling the traditional audience for major fiction, exactly the opposite happened, with large numbers of upper- and middle-class readers revealing that their taste in fiction was essentially little different from that of the unknown public." (437-438)

The decade of the 90s saw the completion of this new sorting of the arts by prestige. Fiction was one of the beneficiaries of this trend, (Tuchman and Fortin 1, 59-64) but prestige attached only to fiction of a particular type: Realism, as codified by James and Conrad. The consequence for Gautier was that, having a popular reputation as a writer of romances and ghost stories, he ceased to interest men of letters.

James was already moving in this direction when he reviewed Ripley's translation of the *Voyage en Russie* in 1878. "We have observed for some time an increasing mania for translations," he begins, and goes on to complain that Gautier's book, consisting of manner rather than matter, should have been left in its untranslatable French to divert the "healthy-minded reader [willing] to pay for his pastime by making the very moderate effort required for reading him in the original." (James 1874) While it is true that the book was Gautier's weakest among the travel narratives, James is clearly making a different, and broader, claim that Gautier, being an artist (that is, a master of manner) is not appropriate for the common reader without some additional quality (matter) to recommend him.

By contrast, Lafcadio Hearn, a man of a much different, and more populist, temper, first made his own reputation with translations of Gautier so felicitous that "the whole literary and intellectual world realized the presence of a special and peculiar luminary." (Lewis 59) Hearn's translations were being sold to those very readers whom James claimed required something more than manner, on precisely those grounds of artistry and mastery of style. Moreover, in an early review of *One Of Cleopatra's Nights* in Hearn's own newspaper, in the heart of French-reading New Orleans, the reviewer states that "American readers do not appreciate Zola, for the translations given them are mere caricatures...which give no notion of the author's style or idea." (New Orleans Times-Democrat 26 March 1882 5)

But Hearn's tastes and politics would not prevail, just as the stories he chose to translate would not continue to appeal to that literary and intellectual milieu. By 1902 a reviewer of Sumichrast's translation, directing his comments to those able to determine for themselves those points on which the translation was inadequate, observed that Sumichrast's introductory studies "will suffice for the general reader who is not looking for final and deep pronouncements on the quality of Gautier's art." These other, indiscriminating and superficial readers, have been treated to an unwisely complete edition of the "all too often unblushing Théo," fortunately rescued by the "judicial imprimatur" and "academic position of Professor de Sumichrast." ("Works Of Théophile Gautier") The distinction is patent between those able to appreciate the beauties of the text and those who require prompting and guidance.

In any case, the dichotomy of style and content promulgated by James would work against any further interest in Gautier's travel writing, for the travel genre itself was fatally compromised from the beginning. "There were also those who took a poor view of all travel writing," Loschburg comments, "considering it more of an industry than a genuine part of literature. Many travel books, they maintained, were more tiresome than refreshing, or just amusing and witty, lacking any factual information for the preparation of a journey. Quite the opposite and serving a real need were the red-bound travel handbooks by John Murray and Karl Baedeker." (125) Literary travel does not satisfy any real need and Gautier's renowned factuality, as the reviewer of Sumichrast makes clear in his comments on *Travels In Spain*, is only of antiquarian interest.

Gautier is conventionally portrayed as a happy-go-lucky aesthete, self-involved and non-political. Joanna Richardson, in her biographies of Théo and his daughter Judith, has provided material enough to dispell this reputation. Let me recommend one other.

In the winter of 1871-72 Théo, an old man (indeed, with only a few months of life remaining) was caught in Paris during its siege by the Prussians, which devolved the following spring during the struggle between the commune and the conservative government of Thiers, with its wracking violence. Gautier witnessed the inhuman death, the wanton destruction, and wrote about it in a series of articles collected as *Tableaux de Siège*, applying the traveler's eye and style to scenes at home. We read it now mindful of what was to come in Germany, in the Chinese Cultural Revolution, knowing that Théo saw, in 1871, an early blooming of this 20th century weed. Theatres were closed, galleries were closed, food was scarce, walking the streets was dangerous, but still Théo must work. He must get a living, must write. What about? About all there is: Paris, the siege. And so we see, amid blood and suffering and war, how Théo is able to reconcile his practice (of happiness, of beauty) with humanity, in this, perhaps his most ironic and subtle, last travel book.

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